More Torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my fay it waxes late,
Ile to my rest.

Iuli. Come hither *Nurse*, what is yond Gentleman?

Nurs. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio.*

Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of the doore?

Nurs. Marrie that I thinke be yong *Petruchco.*

Iuli. Whats he that followes here that would not dance?

Nurs. I know not.

Iuli. Goe aske his name, if he be marryed,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurs. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely sonne of your great Enemie.

Iuli. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I must loue a lothed Enemie.

Nurs. Whats tis? what tis?

Iu. A Rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danst withall.

One calls within Iuliet.

Nurs. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the strangers are all gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lye,
And yong affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gron'de for and would dye,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe supposde he must complaine,
And she steale loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse
To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new beloued any where:

But

But passion lends them Power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreame sweete.

Enter Romeo *alone*

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio, *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen *Romeo, Romeo.*

Mer. He is wise, & on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio:*

Mer. Nay Ile coniure too.

Romeo. humours, madam, passion, louer,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one rime and I am satisfied:
Cry but ay me, pronounce but loue and die,
Speake to my Gossip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her pur-blind sonne and heire
Yong *Abraham Cupid:* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the Begger-maide.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
The ape is dead, and I must coniure him;
I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till shee had laide it, and coniured it downe,
That were some spight.
My inuocation is faire and honest, and in his mistresse name,
I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees
To be consorted with the humerous night:
Blind is his loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer.